

Gems from the Field of Thought.

EMELINE L. KNOX.



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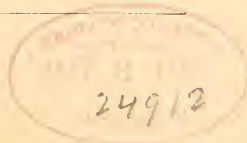
FROM THE

FIELD OF THOUGHT,

OR A

GLIMPSE INTO MUTE LIFE..

✓
BY MISS EMELINE L. KNOX..
"



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P R E F A C E .

Miss EMELINE L. KNOX, the authoress, has requested me to write a preface to this book of poems, not that I am a critic of poetry, but because I am well acquainted with the authoress.

I am confident that this book will fill a place in the literary world before unoccupied.

It comes to us as a voice from the mute world, for its author is a mute, and one that has never had a day's schooling since she was five years old. When she was five, she had scarlet fever, and it left her deaf and dumb, and she has never regained speech or hearing.

This book thence comes to us as a link between the silent world of the mute and the world of speech and hearing.

No one can read the book with a knowledge of the facts that this preface designs to give, without being edified, enlightened and instructed, for it

reveals to us how the beauties of nature, the vicissitudes of life and God's providences appear to and affect the life of a mute; and also shows us how God can, and does, endow these afflicted children with beautiful and poetic thoughts, worthy to be compared with the best thoughts of the master minds of the present age.

REV. ARTHUR A. PIERCE,

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Gems from the Field of Thought.

LIFE'S MISSION.

There is no thought but finds its source;
No earnest wish that comes,
But seeks life's mission to fulfill
Within afflicted homes ;
Those ears now sealed, those voices mute,
Scattered o'er all the land,
Shall know God doeth all things well,
And own his ruling hand.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

Mother, I bring this little book
And lay it at your feet,
I gathered from the field of thought,
To make each page complete.

And, mother, you shall never want
Long as you have me here,
Although I never could attain
A higher, grander sphere.

For when I was a little child,
There came a grief unknown,
And hushed for me the song of birds,
And hushed each gentle tone,

Yet left me but one tiny ray
By which I hung upon,
And broadening as the light of day
It led me on, and on,

Until I rose above my grief,
And sought the cause to know,
Then found at last that Source of Good
Whence living streams do flow.

I saw the sadness on thy face
That grief had pictured there,
And wondered why I was the most
Thy watchful love and care.

But, mother, I was quick to learn
And quick to know it all;
The cause of all thy anxiety
Those memories do recall.

And life seemed brightening at the thought,
I'll give a helping hand,
And lift the burden of thy care,
So noble and so grand.

Mother, there is no sweeter name,
And as the years increase,
The memory of thy tender love
Shall never, never cease.

So after all those struggling years
Thy weary feet have trod,
I bring this little gift to thee,
Led by the hand of God.

MY WISH.

Oh, there is nought I crave so much
As knowledge rich and rare,
That I may be like many such
Who store the mind with care.

At two years old I went to school
To learn my A B C,
And then I learned to love the rule
That taught me what to be.

They told me that I was intent,
And learned my lessons well ;
Thanks, for my parents kindly sent
Me there to read and spell.

The little knowledge there I gained
I prized above all things,
For with that *little* I retained
What education brings.

Then I was scarcely six years old,
And knew not half the pain
It caused my parents when they told
I could not go again.

I could not go again, they said,
I asked them why 't was so,
What is the cause? I am afraid
You will not let me know.

They told me that I could not hear,
And then I felt the change ;
No well known voice came to my ear,
Forgotten—all seemed strange.

Since then I never studied more
With scholars older grown ;
With me those joyous days were o'er,
And all with childhood flown.

I could not drink at learning's fount,
Lit with scholastic rays,
Yet I may draw a large amount
From wisdom's pleasant ways.

For there is much of learning's lore
That yet may be unsealed ;
The studious mind may scan before
Its lessons are revealed.

I would not study to be rich,
And seek to entertain,
When there are gems that may enrich
The mind and heart, to gain.

The world, with all its wealth and power,
Its boasted pomp and show,
Is nothing to a simple flower,
Where richer beauties glow.

For like the flower earth's joys will fade,
And quickly pass away,
And all the works that man hath made,
Will not forever stay.

But wisdom ever shall endure
Beyond all earthly care,
Ennobling heart and life, I'm sure,
And leave its impress there.

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS TRAITORS.

High on a towering summit,
With fancy close I stand,
And gazing all around me
Upon this favored land,
I look back through the vanished years,
Recalling all the past,
Our country struggling to be free,
And victorious at last.

I see a great Republic
Arising in its strength,
Grand armies concentrating,
Through all its breadth and length.

From North to South, from East to West,
The messengers of war
Were busy when at last they heard
The battle cry afar.

For here and there a traitor
Was lurking to destroy
The noblest, freest government
That man can well enjoy.

Across this vast continent,
Far as the eye can reach,
I view the distant rampart
Where sprung the fearful breach,

Where they inaugurated
Rebellion's fearful sway,
Secession and disunion
Soon followed in the way,

Widening the breach of discord
That spread from shore to shore,
Involving all our country
In gloom of war once more.

While Liberty sat weeping
With sad and plaintive moan,
Defending through the onset
The name of Washington,

Who made this glorious Union
The fairest heritage,
A tireless independence
Through every coming age,

And to us as a nation
Bequeathed in sacred trust
This monument perpetual
Of freedom pure and just.

He taught us to remember
Through deeds of other days,
In every field of action,
The great and noble ways,

By which he led us onward,
And made this country free,
In one grand consummation
Of peace and unity,

Then dying, set example,
Declared his own slaves free,
And so awoke the era
And dawn of liberty,

Adding a greater lustre
Unto the page of fame,
As with a pen of diamond,
Our Washington's fair name.

But rebel hordes contriving
Under a strange disguise
To win themselves a monarch,
Against the good and wise,

Were chiefly bent on slavery,
Breaking God's law divine,
Bringing this happy country
Into a slow decline,

As they became oppressors
Of Africa's dark race,
Robbing them of their freedom,
The nation to disgrace.

But truth and justice quickly,
Ever on the alert,
Soon brought to light their treason,
The danger to avert,

Till they who sought by malice
Our country to o'erthrow,
Saw but the fruit of folly,
In bitterness and woe.

When war's dread cloud o'ertook them,
Each treacherous foeman felt
The sword and fire of vengeance
Where long oppression dwelt.

And when the chief of traitors,
Driven to sad despair,
Beheld his seeming stronghold
A castle in the air,

So surely, swiftly falling,
A scheme of deep distrust,
Rebellion's treacherous fabric
Soon crumbled to the dust.

But when they captured Richmond,
Finding his chances slim,
He donned the garb of woman,
And sought the woodland dim.

If to escape from justice,
Or to escape defeat,
No one could tell the meaning
Of such a strange retreat.

But then the Union armies
Encamping all around,
Espied the lonely woman
Pacing her way around.

When lo, disguise betrayed him,
Under a stately tree,
They caught the rebel traitor,
And won the victory.

* * * *

So ere a man pursueth,
How oft the foe will flee,
Fearing to face the chances,
Defeat or victory.

There is an ancient story
Founded on Bible truth,
How hosts of mighty warriors fled
Before a stripling youth.

In Israel's land a giant
Of stature tall and great,
Boasted no man could slay him
In battle's fiercest heat.

And he was very wicked,
As he was great and tall,
He feared not God before him,
Who watcheth over all.

While in the face of Israel
He challenged to the fight
The man that could beside him
With equal strength unite.

But there was not in Israel
A man who could be found
That dared to meet in combat
Upon the battle ground.

For he God's living armies
With boldness did defy,
As night and morning, forty days,
He stubbornly drew nigh.

But there was one, young David,
Who kept his father's flock,
A steady youthful Christian,
Nor feared the battle shock.

While all his elder brothers
In Israel's army were,
David, the last and youngest,
His father could not spare.

They knew not there lay hidden
Within that shepherd boy
A deed of noble valor,
The giant to destroy,

Or thought that God would aid him
To set all Israel free,
And break up all the ramparts
Of bold complicity.

One day his father bade him,
Within the keeper's care,
Leave all the flock and hasten
To see his brothers there,

And take them some provisions,
With food enough to eat,
That they might have sustenance
Through all the battle's heat.

Young David took the order
With willing heart and hand,
And hastened quickly to obey
His father's kind command.

He met them near the trenches,
Just as he came in sight,
With army against army,
Upon the point to fight.

And as he stood conversing,
He saw the powerful man
Whose height did measure upward
Six cubits and a span.

Then suddenly reflecting
In that important hour
How God could save his people
By his all-sovereign power,

Wisdom gave place to courage
And bravery at the thought,
To go before all Israel
And fight the foe unsought.

Let not a man's heart fail him,
This youthful hero said,
And I will go and fight him,
For they were sore afraid.

Astonished at the language
That came from one so young,
They saw a high-born spirit
More than a boastful tongue.

They asked him why he trusted
To fight the haughty foe,
And why he took the challenge
Before all Israel so.

He told them how he conquered
A lion and a bear
That came into the sheep-fold
And took a lamb from there,

And how he did rescue it
From out the lion's jaw,
And how the Lord preserved him
From bear and lion's paw.

This little speech of bravery
Made Israel's army glad—
Such unexampled courage
Possessed the noble lad.

They donned him with an armor,
And sought his heart to please,
But then he told them, saying,
I cannot go with these,

For he had not yet proved them,
And they would useless be,
When to exert his powers
He would be lithe and free.

Thus, instead of an armor
To rank him with the great,
And all those vain equipments
That speak a man of state,

He placed within his shepherd bag
Five pebbles from the brook,
And in his hand for weapon
A simple sling he took.

Then when he had consulted,
He hastened to the field,
With nought of battle armor
His sprightly form to shield.

Goliath came to meet him,
But viewing with disdain
The youth of ruddy countenance,
To arts of war untrained,

Approaching only with a staff,
A sling within his hand
To fight before all Israel
This giant and his band,

Turned with a bold defiance,
And with a haughty tread,
I'll give your flesh unto the fowls,
He to young David said.

But filled with truth and wisdom
The youthful chieftain stood,
And said God would deliver him,
And He would make it good.

He placed a stone within the sling,
Then faced the mighty foe,
And slew the giant through the head,
But at a single throw.

Then quickly running to him,
Captured his sword and shield,
And brought the giant's lifeless head
A trophy from the field.

The hosts that saw the contest
Beheld their champion dead,
And filled with fear, affrighted
Before the victor fled.

* * * *

So slavery, like that giant,
Corrupting this fair land,
Was swiftly coming to its fate,
Before a loyal band.

While he who reigns above us,
Ruler of earth and sky,
To our unhappy country
Soon brought deliverance nigh.

When Justice, Truth and Freedom
Were battling for the right,
Knowledge, progress and reason
Held forth a beacon light.

Discriminating clearly
Between the right and wrong,
Till Freedom views her children
The heights of knowledge throng,

In search of all those blessings
Hidden so long from view,
The barriers of slavery
Broke down to lead them through.

And the unhappy bondmen
Can talk of home and heaven
As freely as their masters,
Who had against them striven.

For they in bondage groaning,
Were calling loudly there
For some great power to free them,
And save them from despair.

Torn with conflicting anguish,
Deprived of every right
To heaven's choicest blessings
That could afford delight,

They passed their days unaided
Without a ray to cheer
Life's pathway from the cradle
Down to the silent bier.

With man created equal,
Had they no right to be
Avenged for wrongs of slavery
Against humanity?

For life is what we make it
Just on this side the grave,
When God made this grand universe
He never made a slave.

Is this the land of freedom
When man chains fellow man?
No, no, the curse of slavery
That lengthened treason's clan,

Caused them to madly, blindly,
Rush into bloody strife,
But they shall meet destruction,
Who seek the nation's life.

When Lincoln gave the signal
That broke each galling chain,
And Freedom's doors flew open
O'er all the Southern plain,

There dawned a brighter epoch
Above the fiercest gloom,
And done away with bondage
When slavery met its doom.

Civilization conquered
Each cruel tyranny,
And planted by each hearthstone
The staff of liberty,

While many a thousand bondmen
Stood on life's threshold free,
Awaiting but the passport
To a new destiny,

Released from degradation
Unto a higher plane
Of social life and feeling,
Forever to remain.

Like those in Egyptian darkness,
Led forth by Moses' hand,
And brought into possession
Of a more peaceful land.

So let them live and prosper,
The cause that set them free,
Will save this great republic,
And its defenders be.

The whipping-post and slave-pen
Give place to homes of thrift,
With each the rich possessor
Of freedom's precious gift.

'Neath their own vine and fig-tree,
To rest in peace and quite,
And reap the fruit of honest toil,
Making life's pathway bright,

Enjoying all those blessings
That God has freely given,
And learning from compassion's life
The way that leads to heaven.

While Liberty's fair dwelling,
The home of men renowned,
Towers above the conflict,
With peace and plenty crowned.

Brave Washington and Lincoln,
With Grant and Garfield too,
Stand written in enduring fame
Upon its arches true.

And names of countless heroes
Who bravely fought and fell,
Are treasured in its archives,
Crowned with a golden bell,

To sound alarm when traitors
Invade, or foes unite,
And so awaken Justice
With all its power and might.

In every time of danger,
In every time of need,
The memory of our fallen brave
Will for their country plead.

But see our nation's banner
Still floating to the breeze,
A pledge of future greatness,
That with the years increase,

Upheld by million freemen,
And borne from shore to shore,
Unconquered by the traitors,
Amidst the cannon's roar,

Its silken folds still gleaming,
And on its field of blue
The stars, each State a linking
In union firm and true.

Standard of our forefathers
A hundred years and more
Since first 'twas flung unto the breeze,
Aye, float it evermore,

And let in wave in triumph
O'er all this beauteous land,
From isle to isle, from shore to shore,
A nation great and grand.

* * * *

Oh, then this favored country,
That gave to freedom birth,
There is no fairer land, I ween,
O'er all this broad green earth.

Full of unmeasured greatness,
Richer in mines of wealth,
With a united people
In one great commonwealth.

While all the charms of nature,
So pleasing to the eye,
Spread out one grand panorama
In air, and earth, and sky.

Pictures of liquid silver
Her mighty lakes appear,
And flowing to the ocean,
Deep rivers broad and clear.

Her hills and valleys teeming
With wild fertility,
Her mountains towering upward
In solemn rivalry,

While cataracts tremendous,
In nature's solitude,
O'er craggy rocks go thundering,
Singing a grand prelude.

And richly waving forests,
Like isles of emerald green,
Dotting this broad continent,
On every hand are seen.

But a more charming picture,
So picturesquely fair,
Are villages and cities
That nestle here and there,

Alive with teeming millions,
And thronging to and fro,
Building the nation's greatness,
That future years will show.

Great thoroughfares of industry,
The march of labor strong,
In every branch of business,
Pushing the world along.

With boundless opportunities
And boundless aims for good,
To benefit its people
When rightly understood.

So here I caught my fancy
To draw a picture true
Of this our glorious country,
Spread out to open view,

The pride of loyal freemen,
Of all on earth beside,
This grand, unequaled Union
No tyrant can divide.

And from the heights of freedom,
As fancy led me on,
I read in glittering diamonds
The name of Washington.

Surrounded by an army
Of heroes brave and true,
Who fought our country's battles,
And led the nation through.

Majestic as the river
That pours its mighty flood,
Progress is onward rolling
And forming all that's good.

OUR COUNTRY'S VOLUNTEERS.

Where are the brave who in their youthful ardor
Went forth to heed their country's earnest call,
And in the brightness of their early manhood
Stood on the battle-field to peril all?

E'en life so dear, with all its hopes and pleasures,
Was all resigned to meet its fearful strife,
Bidding adieu to home, to friends and kindred,
And all that was so dear to them in life.

Brave soldiers hastening on to save their country,
When to maintain its honor and its laws,
They volunteered their lives but to defend it,
And felt that they were in a righteous cause.

While many a mother's heart in sorrow breaking,
Oe'r buried hopes and youthful forms laid low,

Felt keenest anguish o'er their bosom stealing
As thoughts of loved ones caused the tears to flow.

But then to see our country's hopes frustrated,
Our country's flag lie trailing in the dust,
Torn down by rebel hands, first blow of treason,
Extending wide the nation's deep distrust.

All this did fire their hearts with indignation,
And they would fight for liberty or die,
That Washington's great name be not dishonored,
Who formed a nation's grandest destiny.

And so to free this glorious land from treason
America's brave sons went forth to war
To crush the traitors who with wild disunion
Disturbed its borders, though they perished
there.

Aye, though they perished far on scene of battle,
And fields lay covered with heroic dead,
Bravely they fell, for truth and right discerning,
Our nation's heroes, for their country bled.

Under the stars and stripes God sped our armies,
Until the slave in bondage was made free,
And to dark Africa's wronged sons and daughters
Proclaimed at last a glorious victory.

Then let sweet peace again crown every dwelling,
And war's dread tumult cease, that waken fear,
Brothers, be brothers, and this costly Union
Remain unbroken through each rolling year.

DECORATION DAY,

ORIGINATED BY JOHN A. LOGAN.

We come from every city,
From every hill and dale,
From every busy thoroughfare,
Unto each lowly vale,

Bearing the flag of freedom,
'This smiling month of May,
To wave in sweet remembrance
O'er where our soldiers lay.

And while we think with sorrow
Upon our soldiers brave,
Who saved their country's honor,
Yet found an early grave,

Who poured out all their treasure,
On Freedom's altar laid,
And with their lives a sacrifice
The hand of treason stayed.

What is there more befitting
Than to remembered be
With every budding spring-time
By one vast company?

And groups of little children
All drest in snowy white,
Sweet innocence and beauty
Like angel forms of light,

Gathering choicest flowers
Wherever they are found,
And come each grand memorial day
To deck each lowly mound.

Oh, soldiers of our country,
You have not died in vain,
Within the hearts of countrymen
You ever live again.

But there's a brighter laurel
Upon the page of fame,
A wreath of immortelles
Encircling every name.

And at the resurrection morn,
May they as conquerors stand,
And march beneath God's banner
Into the better land.

ANGELS IN HEAVEN.

How beautiful they are,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
Those angels bright and fair
That dwell above the skies.

And shall I ever be
An angel clad in white?
Is there no place for me
Amid the angels bright?

Did Jesus die for me,
To save my soul from hell?
Is there a home for me,
With him above to dwell?

Then let me live to love
That God so good and kind,
Till safe with him above
That endless bliss I find.

Oh, how divinely sweet
The blissful thought of heaven,
Where saints and angels meet,
And friends no more are riven.

With joy we'll ever sing
When that bright day is come,
When with our God and King
We ever dwell at home.

HOPE.

Hope is ever beaming
Brightly from afar,
I see its radiance streaming,
Amid the rifts of care,
Behind the clouds of sorrow,
That o'er our being roll,
Picturing the bright to-morrow
The future may unroll.

And all life's heavy burdens
Lighter grow the while,
When hope is ever beaming
With a benignant smile.

It soothes each troubled nature
When doubts and fears assail,
And points us to the future
The coming years unveil.

Ever and anon cheering
The lonely heart awhile,
But after disappearing,
To dawn again and smile.

Whate'er of joy and sadness,
Whate'er of weal or woe,
Whate'er is fraught with gladness,
Is not for us to know.

But one thing oft assures us,
Amid life's toil and care,
There's nothing good denied us
That's sought by faith and prayer.

An all-wise Power above us,
And one bright ray afar,
That still above the billows
Shines out a guiding star,

Will help us ever onward,
Until life's goal is won,
Will guide us ever upward
To God's eternal throne.

Then, with life's conflict ended,
A sense of grateful joy
Will, with our being blended,
Praise to our God employ.

MY EARLY FRIEND.

I think of thee, my early friend,
As in the days ago,
But thoughts of sadness often blend
Whene'er I muse alone.

Thy tender voice I could not hear,
'T would fill the heart with grief,
Hearing—sweet, precious gift, so dear,
Once mine—but Oh, how brief.

I think of girlhood's early years,
When all I loved seemed flown,
My sad heart filled with hopes and fears,
I felt unloved, alone.

The scenes of joy that once were mine
Seemed faded from my view,
As sunset clouds at eve's decline,
Pictured so strange and new.

Sometimes I turned away to weep,
From playmates good and kind,
Until I cried myself to sleep,
I was so far behind,

Because I could not join in play,
Nor hear them call my name,
As in the days that passed away
Ere sorrow to me came.

When waywardness my heart beguiled,
And I was then untaught,
Thy beaming eyes upon me smiled
With generous feeling fraught.

Oh, then I loved thy gentleness,
That round my pathway flung
Its halo, when all happiness
From my young heart seemed wrung.

When loneliness came creeping o'er,
Nought with thy smile could vie,
Whene'er I met thee as before
With love-light in thine eye,

'Twas that alone that cheered me oft,
And made life's pathway bright,
Like as love's touches kind and soft
I felt its power and might.

But there was one that came to thee
And turned thy thoughts aside,
I thought too soon that it would be
To claim thee for his bride,

And thou wouldst leave thy girlhood's home,
Where sped youth's happy hours,
That joy and happiness might come
And strew thy path with flowers.

I thought I would be forgotten be,
And thou go far away,
Though I might sometimes think of thee,
And wish thy longer stay.

For then it seemed so hard to part
When childhood early loved,
Unconscious of the bitter smart
That parting oft hath proved.

And when at last thy bridal day
Came with its happy throng,
You asked me, with the group away,
Yet I was not among,

For it was timidness that kept
My feet from going there,
And all that night I scarcely slept,
Thinking of thee, so fair.

While many years have passed between,
Sweet memories linger yet,
As I recall each varied scene
I may not soon forget.

Oh, loved one of my early days,
The first to memory dear,
I see hope dawn with brighter rays—
Would thou wert ever near.

And should the future years e'er bring
Some joy in store for me,
Or shadows round my pathway fling,
I may remember thee.

God bless thee, generous, loving friend,
Feeling for others' woe,
From joy and happiness apart,
Amid life's scenes below.

For thee my heart shall breathe a prayer,
 Whene'er I take my rest,
That we in heaven at last may share
 A home among the blest.

MUSINGS.

Brightly the moonbeams in my room
 Shed a soft silvery light
As I am sitting here alone,
 Musing awhile to-night.

The stars look bright and beautiful,
 And all around is fair,
While many a light and snowy cloud
 Is floating in the air.

And here I love to sit awhile
 When oft the evening sky
Is decked with many a starry gem,
 To muse on days gone by.

For then within my lonely hours,
 When all around is glad,
And kind friends oft are sometimes near,
 Then I alone am sad,

Thinking I'll never hear again
 Each kind and gentle tone,
Music so charming to the ear,
 I cannot call my own.

And flitting by, those happy scenes,
When in my childhood's day
I heard the merry, joyous tones
Of school-mates at their play.

But Oh, how changeful is this life,
How varied every scene,
For when the heart is filled with joy
Dark clouds will intervene.

And I may never hear again
The voice of those I love,
But one sweet thought comes to me oft,
I'll hear again above.

And yet I love them all, the while,
Though no kind gentle tone
Can ever fall upon my ear,
And other joys have flown.

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

Happy songsters on the boughs,
Tell me why you sing so free;
Do you think that I can hear you?
Tell me, do you sing for me?

While you make the woodland vocal
With your songs the livelong day,
Would that I could hear your music
Ere you take your flight away.

With your tiny wings outspreading,
There you perch on yonder tree,
And begin again to warble
Your sweet songs so wild and free.

Happy birds, I love to see you,
Though I cannot hear you sing
As you perch upon the tree-tops,
Making the deep woodland ring.

Do you bid farewell to summer ?
Do you seek a warmer clime,
Where the cold chill winds of winter
Will not mar your merry chime ?

Will you come again in spring-time ?
Will you come when winter's o'er ?
Let me see you on the branches
Of the maple boughs once more.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Oh, welcome to the joyous spring,
The seed-time of the year,
Teeming with life, and joy and song,
And sunny skies so clear.

The ploughman tills the mellow soil
That a rich harvest yields
When summer's ripe and golden grain
Is sweeping o'er the fields.

Soon will the bright and fragrant flowers
Give forth a sweet perfume,
When May, the queen of all the year,
Is in its brightest bloom.

THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

The flowers, the beautiful flowers,
I love them, I love them for aye,
I love them with dew-drops o'erladen,
That sunbeams at morn kiss away.

I love them bestrewing life's pathway,
While many a sweet lingering thought
Will wake in my bosom the passion
For beauty with loveliness fraught.

Ye speak of the all-wise Creator
Who watcheth o'er all he hath made,
And colors each beautiful flower
That blossoms in sunshine and shade.

Ye speak of God's beautiful dwelling,
A link 'twixt the earth and the sky,
Where pleasures and joys are immortal,
And no lovely blossom can die.

And while my thoughts heavenward turning,
Would linger mid beauty and worth,
I think of the home of the angels,
And loved ones gone thither from earth.

How while they lay coldly enshrouded,
Your beauty enlivened the gloom,
And bade me look hopefully upward
To heaven, bright Eden of bloom.

Like them 'neath the sod ye are lying,
And blighted by winter so cold,
We wait but the breath of the spring-time,
Again your rich bloom to behold.

MOONLIGHT.

Who does not love to linger
At evening's holy hour,
When earthly care and labor
Sweet rest can overpower.

To picture all the beauty,
And gather gems of thought
From the beautiful in nature
A God of love hath wrought,

We see the moonlight streaming
O'er valley, hill and dale,
A flood of light and splendor
At which the stars grow pale.

While many a quivering moonbeam
In winsome frolic plays,
Under the leafy maples,
Shot forth by silver rays.

Oh, beautiful the moonlight,
That lingers o'er the plain,
While jewels in the dew-drop
Reflect it back again.

Giving unto each aspect
A strange and heavenly light,
Making all things in nature
So beautiful and bright.

We draw aside the curtain
To let the moonbeams in,
We throw the blinds wide open
To light the gloom within,

While thoughts we scarce can utter
Will fill the mind with awe,
As from the great Creator,
We inspiration draw.

MARY'S WEDDING.

The air was cold and chill without
But there was cheer within
The farmer's mansion on that night
The guests were gathering in.

The lights from every window gleamed,
And shone across the lea,
The tables spread a dainty feast
With smoking cups of tea.

And I was there among the group,
Each heart was light and gay,
But who was happiest of them all
Is not for me to say.

Perchance it was the youthful pair,
At sight of wedded joy,
The heart to heart, the hand in hand,
Life's blessings to enjoy.

For then they told me on that night
That Reuben should be wed,
When there I saw the youthful bride
He to the altar led.

They stood before the holy man
In pure unsullied truth,
Two youthful hearts in life's bright morn,
Fresh from the ranks of youth.

And who could blame them as they stood,
Or think them yet too young,
If round each heart in silent joy,
Such pure affection clung.

One stepping into manhood's prime,
Life's duties understood,
The other budding in the bloom
Of blushing womanhood.

It was a bright and tender scene
That other lives might own,
Not for the sake of being wed,
With folly overgrown.

For there are many hearts, 'tis true,
Ne'er felt love's kindling flame,
And for the sake of gain or wealth,
Are married but in name.

The comfort of a happy home,
Where true love wears its gem,
Is richer far to loving hearts
Than kingly diadem.

Be this the joy of those young hearts
Just entering into life,
That she has found a husband true,
And he a loving wife.

THE HOMELESS BOY.

Although you were a homeless boy,
A waif upon life's sea,
And gathered in by friendly hands
That made a home for thee,

There is no cause that you should grieve
For lack of that which falls
To favored ones in happy homes,
Where love and duty calls.

For God, who watcheth every one,
And notes the sparrow's fall,
And numbers every hair, will not
Forget his children small.

As little drops of water fill
The ocean broad and grand,
And little grains of sand and dust
Make up the pleasant land,

So every one hath aims in life
That lead to good or ill,
And each must reap as he has sown,
And gather to his fill.

The path of virtue opens wide
To fields of grand success,
Where lie the treasures of the heart
That God delights to bless.

Which of these paths do you prefer,
Oh, ponder well with care,
Of the one that leads to ill,
Oh, homeless boy, beware.

Let perseverance pave the way
That leads to wealth and gain,
All those gifts for which you sigh,
You surely will attain.

AIM STRAIGHT.

Would you rise to wealth and station,
Be independent, true as steel,
While you have the strength and sinew,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

You will then become successful,
Blessed by wealth a bounteous store,
God will smile and crown your efforts
All along life's pathway more.

Idle ones are never wanted,
Working hands are in demand,
They who never shirk a duty
Are the favored of the land.

But if all this wealth and station,
You, young men, should wish to own,
First, integrity in business
Is the grand foundation stone.

Have a high and noble purpose,
Be ambitious, firm and true,
And the best of earthly blessings
Heart can wish will come to you.

Thus amidst life's best endeavors
'T will be yours for which you crave,
Love and home, and joy and heaven,
All through life be manly, brave.

SONG

TO LITTLE FRANKIE SIMPSON, AGED FOUR YEARS, IN
REPLY TO "WHY DON'T YOU SING?"

I live within a world of song,
And yet I cannot sing,
Dear Frankie, how thy artless words
Will tender memories bring.

The sweetest gift God ever gave
My childhood years have known,
But with those years, so briefly lent,
It hath forever flown.

The music of each well-known voice,
So full and sweet, and clear,
As if it was but yesterday,
I seem again to hear.

Like thee I sang the livelong day,
And heard them call my name,
Or joined with school-mates at their play,
Ere sorrow to me came.

You ask me why I do not sing,
Alas, I cannot tell ;
I cannot train my voice to join
In song I loved so well.

For sickness came and stole away
The gift that God had given,

I woke to life and consciousness,
But found a voiceless prison.

Those blue eyes looking in my own,
A depth of meaning bring,
Alas, I cannot hear again
Alas, I cannot sing.

And I have learned to feel for those
Whose life is sad and lone,
When disappointments round them close,
As I have felt my own.

But I have learned to trust in Him
Who gave and took away ;
He will restore the gift he gave,
In his good time and way.

And, Frankie, I may hear again
A sweeter, holier song ;
I hope to sing with thee in heaven,
Amid the angel throng.

THE MOTHERS TREASURE.

Joy to thee now, fond mother,
Thou hast a jewel rare,
Thou hast a fair young daughter
Folded so closely there.

Nestling upon thy bosom,
Bringing such joy and light,
Thy youngest, fairest blossom,
Will make thy home more bright.

God gave to thee thy daughter,
Whom life to thee endears,
To cheer, perchance, the future
Of thy declining years.

A sunbeam in thy pathway,
Is lent to thee awhile,
To chase thy earthly cares away,
And weary hours beguile.

Each brother hath a sister,
A gift from heaven above,
To soften each rough nature,
And link their hearts in love.

That little household treasure
Will round each heart entwine,
A spell of love and beauty,
May joy be theirs and thine.

COME BACK, LITTLE BIRDLINGS.

Come back, little birdlings,
Come back to the North,
The warm sun is melting
The snows from the earth.

The springtime is coming,
With warm sunny skies,
Come back, little birdlings,
And gladden our eyes.

Come back to the old haunts
Made vocal by song,
Where perfume of flowers
Is wafted along.

The maple boughs spread out
Their bright robes of green,
To shelter thy nestlings,
A beautiful screen.

All nature looks fairer
And brighter for thee,
As you twitter and carol
From tree unto tree.

The winter mists passing,
Unveil the blue sky,
We welcome you, birdlings,
For summer is nigh.

But Ah, happy songsters,
I hear not your song,
Floating so soft,
The bright summer long.

My ears are sealed
To harmonious sound,
Yet I love all the beauty
Of nature around.

God made no mistake
When he closed up my ears,
For what he withholds,
In the future appears.

And I shall hear sometime
A far sweeter song
Than carol of birdlings,
Mid heaven's bright throng.

WE MISS THEE, BROTHER.

Where art thou now, dear brother,
Far o'er the distant sea ?
We miss thee—miss thee ever,
Whene'er we think of thee.

We miss thee, for 'tis lonely
In thinking of thy stay,
And all the days of summer
Have nearly passed away.

The flowers thy mother planted
Are guarded well with care,
And oft we wait to welcome
Thy coming from afar.

Oh, brother, come, forget not,
'Tis long since we have met,
Our home-band is unbroken,
But thou art absent yet.

Those weary years, now passed,
Have come in joy and pain,
And we have feared so often
We might not meet again.

Oh, why not send some token,
Some memento of thee,
To gladden parents waiting
So long to hear from thee ?

Methinks I see thee roaming
Upon some foreign strand,
Where other scenes surround thee,
Within a stranger land.

But tell me, Ah, dear brother,
Hast thou forgotten yet
The loved ones and the loving,
That may not thee forget ?

Fond memory lingers ever
Around the years gone by,
When came the kindly greeting,
And then the last good-bye.

We thought not that between us,
When love could so control,
That ere again we meet thee,
Such long, long years would roll.

Oh, through those years in sadness
Is it not hard to part,
When disappointment ever
Bids hope of thee depart?

And thou from early boyhood
To mature years have grown,
And gone to seek thy fortune
Out in the world alone.

Far, far from those that love thee,
From those that held thee dear,
Upon life's trackless ocean,
Thy bark alone to steer.

Oh, we have waited ever,
Have waited long for thee,
Until the shadows gather
Thick o'er life's troubled sea.

A mother's prayers go with thee,
A father's blessing too,
But shall we never meet thee
Again no more below?

Then upward look, dear brother,
And seek the better land,
And we again may meet thee
At last at God's right hand.

WILLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

Just six years old to-day, Willie,
And on this joyous day
A bright and happy little boy
Whether at work or play.

In view of all God's tender care
Throughout thy infant years,
Doubtless thy mother breathed a prayer,
Mingled with hopes and fears,
Before she laid her down to die,
That God would keep her boy,
And bring him safe to meet her there,
In a world of peace and joy.

For there is but a lowly mound
That marks her resting place,
A mother dear, whose deathless love
Held thee in close embrace.

In memory of that mother's love,
In memory of a prayer,
Let thy young heart the token keep,
To bud and blossom there.

God shield thee from the world's rude storm,
That when you are a man
You can look back with pleasure on
Thy boyhood's golden span.

Many pleasant returns of the day, Willie,
Many returns to thee,
And may you be owner of the golden ship
Sailing upon life's sea,

Freighted with many a loving friend
That God to thee hath given,
And sailing on, anchor at last
Safe at the port of heaven.

FLOWERS IN AUTUMN.

Fair flowers, that bloom so sweetly
Beside the garden wall
In innocence and beauty,
I love, I love you all.

You speak to us of heaven,
Where flowers of fadeless bloom
Feel no cold blast of autumn,
Nor chilling winds can come.

You make this earth look brighter,
And like a paradise,
Where'er we meet your blossoms
You point us to the skies.

But autumn, cold and dreary,
Hath blighted with its frost,
And stole away your beauty,
Alas, you all are lost.

And soon the coming winter
Will with a robe of snow
Enshroud your tiny petals,
And hide them all below.

But we shall see you blooming
Again in early spring,
Called forth by the warm showers,
What gladness will you bring.

Then farewell, lovely blossoms,
We welcome you again,
When spring-time in its beauty
Shall deck the field and plain.

TO FLORENCE.

How beautiful each happy home,
Where flowers of every varied hue
Breathe on the air a sweet perfume,
And sparkle with the pearly dew.

The birds sing sweetest where they bloom,
And you, my friend, can hear them sing,
They carol too around my home,
I catch the gladness which they bring.

Each morning 'mong the budding trees
They tell me there is music sweet,
As wild-birds and the humming bees
Once more the joyous spring-time greet.

But flowers I love, the fair sweet flowers,
They have so many charms for me,
Those children of the April showers,
Wrapped in infinite mystery.

I've found them 'neath the green trees' shade,
The first that bloomed in early spring,
And gathered them where oft I strayed,
Where'er I found them blossoming.

And violets, yellow, white and blue,
Were blooming in their mossy bed,
And other flowers of every hue,
Where the tall trees their branches spread.

Dear Florence, plant them, let them bloom,
So beautiful, the fair sweet flowers,
In loveliness around your home,
To charm away the summer hours.

Etta will love to see them grow,
And watch the dew-drops shine like pearls,
And you will place them on her brow,
And twine them 'mong her clustering curls.

She searched for them in every place,
Ere winter came, she loved them so,
But found them not, while on her face
There was a shade of sadness too.

I gave her some, the last I found,
And told her they would bloom in spring,
Though lying withering all around,
She soon would see them blossoming.

And now returning spring has come
With all its wealth of buds and flowers,
Yielding the sweetest of perfume,
Made fragrant by the summer showers.

Oh, earth would be an Eden fair
If every one would cultivate
Those gems of beauty every where
Among the lowly and the great.

I've seen the eyes of little ones
Just sparkle at the sight of flowers,
And open wide with innocence,
Like something fresh from Eden's bowers.

As grasping every tiny bud
That grow and blossom in the way,
We see them happy every where,
Among the daisies hard at play.

Yes, life hath something beautiful,
If we would only make it known,
By placing in the reach of all
The brightest things that God hath shown.

And study nature as it is,
To find in every gift a good,
So full of future happiness,
Its every meaning understood.

Flowers, how beautiful they are,
And by our heavenly father given,
Making the earth look brighter far,
Emblems of fadeless flowers in heaven.

Then, Florence, plant them, let them bloom,
'Twould waken mirth and joy around
The threshold of thy happy home
When Etta hath her treasures found.

ON THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL CHAPIN.
1830—1890.

Let us play the wedding march
On this lovely day,
Scatter roses sweet and fair
All along the way.

Wedding bells their music ringing
Down the slope of time,
Sixty years of wedded life
Crowned with joy sublime.

Every blessing heaven sends,
Filled their cup of bliss
With the sunshine and the shadow
Of a world like this.

Bravely borne life's toil and burden
At the start begun,
Every joy and every sorrow
Mingled into one.

While their footsteps faint and falter,
Near the journey's end
With the weight of years increasing,
God will succor send.

Just across the narrow river
Lie the fields of bloom,
May their love be consummated
In a fairer home.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF EUGENE, MARY AND GEORGE PARKILL.

Mourn not, fond parents, for those loved and lost
ones,
They left thee for a brighter home above,

Mourn not that death hath entered in thy circle,
And torn them from thy fond endearing love.

I saw that lovely group of children round thee,
The eldest and the youngest they were there,
And one bright little bud of infant beauty
Was nestling in its cradle, sweet and fair.

But now in one short year, alas, how changed,
Death took the fairest, loveliest of them all,
And o'er that loved home, once so bright and
joyous,
Hath cast the gloom and darkness of its pall.

Oh, now how sad, how desolate and broken,
That fair young babe was first to pass away,
When its sweet infant life was just unfolding,
It closed its blue eyes to the light of day.

Then little Mary missed her baby brother,
And wished she too might lay her bright young
head

Beside that of the little infant sleeper,
Reposing sweetly in its cold clay bed.

An angel heard her wish, and Mary drooped,
Death came and touched her, and her life was
o'er,

And then she met her little angel brother,
Far, far away upon the shining shore.

Oh, heavily the blow that fell upon thee,
And dashed away the cup of earthly joy,
When sickness came again into thy circle
And laid his hand upon thy eldest boy.

Dear Eugene, thou art gone, thy parents' solace,
When just emerging into manhood's prime,
When thy young heart with life's bright hopes
beat highest,
They saw thee perish in thy youth's spring time.

Thy chair is vacant, and the joylight faded
From out that stricken home when thou wert
dead,
Sad were the anguished hearts that mourned in
silence,
When with those two sweet blossoms thou wert
laid.

Oh, weep no more, fond parents, for those children,
They're gathered from a world of grief and care,
Look upward and behold them all in heaven,
And each one crowned a white-robed angel there.

LITTLE GEORGE.

Oh, tiny infant blossom,
How sad are they that mourn,
As with slow step and aching heart
They bear thee to the bourne.

With thee the sunlight faded,
Thy home is cheerless now,
Thy parents' hearts are lonely,
There's sorrow on thy brow.

Pure as the snow-flakes falling,
Upon thy new-made grave,
Guileless in infant beauty,
Thou art gone to Him that gave.

But now, sweet little sleeper,
Thou art not all alone,
Another grave's beside thee,
Another little one,

Upon the cold earth pillow
Hath laid her bright young head,
And with thee, too, is numbered
Among the early dead.

Dear Mary missed thee sadly,
And faded day by day,
Until some pitying angel
Had kissed her life away.

And then she met thee, Georgie,
A harp within thy hand,
And thou a fair sweet cherub
Among the angel band.

And Mary, too, an angel,
Of whom she loved to sing,
Now strikes her harp among them,
To praise the Heavenly king.

But a few weeks have passed,
Dear loved ones gone before,
And Eugene, too, hath met thee
At heaven's golden door.

While anguished ones were weeping
Within that stricken home,
Ye stood at heaven's portal,
And beckoned him to come.

Oh, sweetly sang those children
Ere sickness came within
That bright and joyous circle
Of heaven, so free from sin.

("I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.")

And so some of those children
Have left earth for the skies,
And gone to be an angel
At home in Paradise.

INE BELLE BLAKESLEE.

Ine sleeps in peaceful slumber,
Pure and holy is her rest,
Brief her life, full of fruition—
Jesus called her to his breast.

One by one our loved ones leave us,
One by one they pass away,
One by one they cross death's river,
To the light of endless day,

On into a life immortal,
Scarce we know that they are gone,
Scarcely catch the faintest whisper
Ere their work on earth is done.

Though sad hearts may bleed in anguish,
Who could wish her back again
To a world of sin and sorrow,
To a world of toil and pain?

Oh, 'tis sweet to die like Ine,
Fearless when the summons came,
Everlasting arms beneath us,
Jesus calling, Welcome home.

DEATH OF DR. MASON.

Calm as the closing of a summer day,
He lay upon his couch in dreamless rest,

Peacefully from the earth he passed away,
Just as the sun was sinking in the west.

The flush of life and health was on his brow
But a few moments ere he closed his eyes,
How could it be that he was dying now,
With some bright angel calling from the skies?

Weary at twilight's hour he sought his couch,
For quiet repose after the toil of day,
When suddenly he felt the chilling touch
Of death come stealing o'er him as he lay.

"I'm dying!" were the only words he said,
"I'm dying!"—how it filled each heart with grief,
And then from earth the immortal spirit fled,
Death shook the citadel of life how brief.

No lingering sickness racked his frame with pain,
Around where loved ones tireless vigils keep,
No more he'll wake to earthly toil again,
Life's conflict o'er, he fell asleep.

Asleep at last—is it not sweet to die
After a life well spent, in hope of heaven,
And Jesus opes the portals of the sky,
To every ransomed soul an entrance given.

Oh, mourners, crushed beneath a weight of grief,
Look upward, where the heavenly anthems swell,

He lives to die no more—a sweet relief
Comes to the weary spirit—all is well.

But Oh, may this a friendly warning give,
That death will come, e'en in an unseen hour,
Watch ye therefore, to Jesus look and live,
Who can protect us by his gracious power.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF HATTIE A. BAILEY.

Soft be thy pillow, Hattie dear,
And sweet thy slumber's peaceful rest,
As innocent as the pure flowers
Around thy pillow prest.

So lovingly each tender hand
Hath scattered them around thy bier,
The sweetest tribute love could bring,
And watered them with falling tear.

I looked upon thy silent form
From whence the vital spark had fled,
And felt with those that miss thee now,
Dear Hattie, thou art dead.

Death broke the circle of thy home,
And robbed it of its only joy,
A mother's love, 'twas hard to die
And leave thy infant boy.

An aching void, a husband's grief
At loss of thee, in life's fresh bloom,
God will it otherwise when He
Saw fit to call thee home.

The murmur of a dying prayer,
Between a whisper and a breath,
As baby's name she faintly called,
Then closed her eyes in death.

Just as the twilight shadows fell,
And day was drawing to a close,
So lingered her young life away,
And sank in sweet repose.

May God protect her darling boy
Safe with his sheltering care,
And bring each loved one to his fold
In answer to her prayer.

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH F. HANER.

When shall we walk the golden streets,
Within a world of bliss,
Forever free from sin and pain,
Foretaste of happiness?

When shall we walk the golden streets,
So said a dying one,
As life was ebbing fast away,
She felt her life-work done.

Submissive on a couch of pain,
Each lingering hope was past,
She felt she could not rise again,
And so she spoke at last,

Be faithful, Oh, my husband kind,
For I would meet you there ;
Be faithful, I must leave you now,
It was her earnest prayer.

And the dear loved ones of our home,
I leave them both with you,
“Oh yes,” she said with dying breath,
“May they be faithful too.”

And then she calmly passed away,
Sinking in slumbers sweet,
At morning upward winged her flight
To walk the golden street.

The memory of those tender words
Will cheer life's weary hours,
And linger round each sorrowing one
Like dew upon the flowers.

IN MEMORY OF

HARRIET A., WIFE OF REV. J. W. SIMPSON.

I feel the pressure of a hand,
And warm lips kiss my own,
A good-bye—we shall meet again,
Said in an under tone,

As we stood at the gate one day,
Without a thought of pain,
Nor dreamed that it would be the last,
We should not meet again.

For in that bright and joyous face,
And in that healthful form,
I seemed to see a length of years
Life's mission to perform.

Dear loved one—mother, sister, friend,
Companion, all in one,
Oh, can it be that thou art gone?
So soon thy life-work done?

And Frankie, is she motherless?
With Ida in her grief?
And Edward, missing mother dear,
Oh, what can bring relief?

The light and life of home went out
When that loved mother died;

The father felt the blow when death
Removed her from his side.

But far upon the other shore
Two happy children stood,
And struck their harps of gold anew
When mother crossed death's flood.

How beautiful the life just closed,
To those who held her dear,
But who can stay the hand of death,
Or check the falling tear?

God doth not willingly afflict,
For when He calls his own
He calls them from a world of sin
To dwell around his throne.

It needs must be, we all must die,
As one by one we go,
What now we know not, in the great
Hereafter we shall know.

But we shall meet them all again
In the sweet bye and bye,
When Jesus calls, we too shall go,
And upward cleave the sky.

With faith in God, unwavering still,
We pass through life along,

Till hand clasp hand at last in heaven
In one grand holy song.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO MRS. D. J. M., ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

I stood beside a new-made grave,
And paused awhile to think
Of one who in the walks of life
Scarce seemed near death's cold brink.

So well, so strong, so full of life,
Of health and happiness,
The picture of contentment's self,
And perfect consciousness.

Surrounded by a joyous group,
Within a happy home,
When in its circle unperceived,
Another guest had come,

And claimed their close attention now,
As with a gentle hand
He chose the centre of that group
To join the angel band.

Oh, hour of sadness and of grief
That cast its shadowy gloom
When they beheld him borne away,
And laid within the tomb.

The husband and the father kind,
Death stilled his peaceful breast,
I saw upon his humble grave
Love's sweetest words, At Rest.

While in the bitterness of grief
His dear companion stole
Aside to pour upon his grave
The anguish of her soul.

Oh, sorrowing hearts, fresh courage take,
Still tread the path he trod,
He hath but crossed the shining way
That leads us up to God.

OPEN THE DOOR A LITTLE WIDER.

A DYING FATHER'S WISH.

Open the door a little wider,
A dying father said,
As parting from a loved one
He feebly raised his head.

Open the door a little wider,
I want to see you all I can,
Oh, thrilling words so quickly said
At the closing of life's span.

Open the door a little wider,
I cannot long remain,

I feel that I am almost gone,
We may not meet again.

They threw the door wide open,
He gave a lingering look,
At the loved one before him,
The last farewell he took

And when another Sabbath dawned,
Ere the loved one's return,
That father closed his eyes to earth,
Life's lamp had ceased to burn.

And he could only place his hand
Upon the clay-cold brow,
And weep above the lifeless form,
All that was left him now.

Open the door a little wider,
Oh, holy meaning sweet,
We meet no more in this cold world,
Till we meet at Jesus feet.

And now methinks that father stands
At heaven's open door
Watching the loved ones left behind,
Nearing that fairer shore.

OUR LOST ONES.

We miss the loved and loving,
Yet feel their presence near,
While standing by each lowly mound
That hold their forms so dear.

But there's a ray of beauty
That penetrates the gloom,
And points to endless life beyond
The portals of the tomb.

They are not dead, but sleeping,
Not lost, but gone before,
Within the fold of Jesus,
Upon a fairer shore.

We miss them, but we'll greet them
In a far happier home,
And hand clasp hand with joy again
In youth's immortal bloom.

THE MOTHERLESS BABE.

A year hath passed, that lovely babe
Is now a fair sweet boy,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair,
A father's pride and joy.

The sunlight of his happy home,
Though she hath passed away

Who loved him with a mother's love,
But could no longer stay.

I saw her as she calmly lay,
But turned away to weep,
To think that one so young and fair
In the cold grave could sleep.

And so that mother, held so dear,
Was laid away to rest
Within the cold and silent tomb,
The dearest and the best.

But Oh, to leave her own sweet babe,
So soon to close her eyes,
As it came her earthly home to bless,
A cherub from the skies.

And lovingly it nestled there,
Close to her bosom prest,
Printing a soft kiss on its cheek,
She gently sank to rest.

An angel mother hovers near,
And whispers to each heart,
Be gentle to my little boy,
And act the mother's part.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

I think of thee at the sunset hour
When the twilight shadows fall,
When the little birds seek each bower,
And darkness creeps o'er all.

I think of thee when the beautiful moon
Looks down on the earth so bright,
Chasing the darkness away so soon,
With its soft and silvery light.

Oh, then I recall thy image dear,
Under the starlit sky,
And feel down my cheek the falling tear,
Upheaved by the inward sigh.

For thou art away, away, away,
Over the rolling sea,
Dear brother, how long hath seemed thy stay,
Whenever we think of thee.

Thou comest not when the beautiful spring
Is decked in flowery bloom,
Thou comest not when the summer birds sing,
And the air is filled with perfume.

Thou comest not when the autumn is near,
Nipping the beautiful flowers,
Thou comest not when the winter drear
Hath stripped the leaves from the bowers.

Thou comest not, all the weary round,
As each rolling year goes by,
And yet no tidings of thee is found,
How then can our eyes be dry ?

Oh, can it be that thy life is o'er,
And thou hath ceased to be ?
Oh, can it be that thou art no more,
When we hear no more of thee ?

Oh, can it be, in a distant land,
Ere thy life hath gained its noon ?
Oh, can it be that some stranger hand
Hath made thy grave so soon ?

And yet where'er thy footsteps roam,
Whatever our thoughts of thee,
There's a lingering hope thou wilt return
To the loved ones waiting for thee.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home, come home, dear brother,
We've waited long for thee,
Why do thy footsteps linger
Afar from home and me ?

Come home, come home, dear brother,
The flowers are blooming now,

Oh, come before they wither,
And earth is white with snow.

Come home, come home, dear brother,
The years have seemed so long
Since last we met, and mother,
'Twould make her well and strong,

To see thy face, dear brother,
Now in thy manhood's prime,
Her eldest boy—her other
Grown through the lapse of time.

Come home, come home, dear brother,
Each loved one waits to greet
Thy coming, brother, sister
Will place for thee a seat.

So come, come home, dear brother,
Come to the hearts that wait
With mingled joy and pleasure
Thy entrance at the gate.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

TO MRS. A. J. C.

Lilies of the valley,
Blue forget-me-not,
Roses sweet and lovely
Have a charming spot,

Where our thoughts will cluster,
Where our loves appear,
So be this thy birthday,
Happiest of the year,
Bringing thoughts of heaven,
One year nearer home,
One year nearer singing
In fields of endless bloom.

LITTLE EARL.

Sweet little bud of promise rare,
How sad were the hearts that mourn,
As death hushed the music of thy voice
That beautiful Sabbath morn.

But sadder still, the father kind,
As he hastened the weary way,
Only to find the sweet life gone
Where the empty casket lay.

Mute the loved ones, in silent grief,
Under the shadow that fell
Over a bright and happy home,
For the child they loved so well.

When June, with its wealth of roses, came,
Out from its threshold fair,
The mother went with her darling boy
To visit friends afar.

But sickness came at the journey's end,
The little one drooped at even,
At morn like dewdrop on the rose
Exhaled, went back to heaven.

Dear little Earl, with laughing eye,
And dimpled smile so sweet,
Sorely and sadly they miss thee now,
And the patter of little feet.

But all resigned to a Father's will,
Those stricken ones can say,
Our darling is safe, we shall meet again
In the light of an endless day.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh, summer days, bright summer days,
That come and go in wide arrange
Of rain and shine, of heat and cold,
The seasons' interchange.

The verdure of the meadows fair,
The foliage of the forest green,
The hills and valleys, birds and flowers
Present a charming scene,

As here I sit with pen in hand,
And look afar in distant view,
And wonder if the city grand
Holds me a friend so true.

TO MRS. FRANK W. S.,

ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE.

Why is it that I miss thee now,
And thou so far away ?
Yes, miss thee now, a loving friend,
Grown dearer day by day.

When friendship wove its brightest wreath
Those joyous summer hours
That hath so sadly sped away
With all its birds and flowers.

But then the promise long deferred
I could not well fulfill,
To tread with thee those lowly mounds
That dot the graveyard hill.

For other duties called away,
And occupied each thought,
While round thy heart a golden chain
Love's magic fingers wrought.

I saw the lovelight in thine eye,
The blushes on thy cheek,
Perchance it was because thy heart
Was then too full to speak.

I knew not that another love
Had won thy heart away,

And thou wouldst be a happy bride
On an approaching day.

I knew not that I soon should stand
Among thy chosen friends,
And witness there the marriage vow
That love in union blends.

Thy father's home, close by my own,
Hath lost its brightest gem,
In thee, the last and only one,
Plucked from the parent stem.

There came on that September morn
A shadow o'er thy home,
And there were cloudlets in the air,
That veiled the heavens' blue dome.

Thy father clasped thee to his breast,
While scarce an eye was dry,
As struggling hard to give thee up,
He spoke the last good-bye.

Though full of joy and happiness
When the last kiss was given,
He made thine eyes o'erflow with tears,
As home's sweet ties were riven.

And he could only breathe a prayer
That God would shield from harm,

And keep thee 'neath his watchful care,
His all-protecting arm.

Then may thy path be strewed with flowers
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
And may love crown thy happier hours
Now in thy Western home.

TO S. A. G.

'Tis hard to part from those we love,
And leave the friends we hold so dear,
As they to distant climes remove,
And we are left to linger here.

'Tis hard to take the parting hand,
And feel that we no more may meet,
Then let us seek that better land
Where we again our friends shall greet.

For when this changeful life is o'er,
We know there is a brighter home
Where we shall live to die no more,
And pain nor parting cannot come.

In that blest world of peace and joy,
Far, far above the heavens' blue dome,
Aye, we shall know each other there,
Where white-robed angels love to roam.

And those who live for God shall dwell
In that bright world beyond the sky ;
Its endless joys we cannot tell
Till earth is closed to mortal eye.

Then think of this when far away,
Remembered at a throne of grace,
Whatever trials cross life's way,
Our Father's guiding hand we trace.

THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

I saw a fair and lovely sight,
A mother with her babe,
Walk forth bright as the morning light,
Bathed in its sunlit wave.

A sweet young babe of winning grace,
With laughing eyes of blue
Lay nestling on her loving breast,
A picture fair and true.

And as I saw its dimpled smile,
So pure and undefiled,
I thought heaven had one cherub less,
And earth an angel child.

The mother's heart beat high with joy
Within her happy home,
As she beheld the infant bud
Unfolding into bloom.

Baby's first look, baby's first word,
Baby's first step the while,
Approaching with a tender kiss,
That loving hearts beguile.

And in that mother, in that babe,
An inward beauty gleams,
A glimpse into heaven's fairer home,
Where love immortal blooms.

And so one happy year ago,
One bright October day,
When trees were decked in red and gold,
Louisa came this way.

TO KITTIE P.

Kittie, I seem to tell thy thoughts,
And know you feel for me,
Because I cannot hear thy voice,
Nor music glad and free.

But look beyond this vale of tears
Upon the shining plain,
Up where the heavenly anthems swell,
I'm sure I'll hear again.

The world is bright and beautiful,
Enough to cheer the heart,
But Oh, I love that happy home
Where we shall never part.

My heart is just as light and free,
As joyous as thine own,
Although I cannot even hear
Thy kind and gentle tone.

I am contented with my lot,
Whatever it may be,
Just as my Heavenly Father wills
Is wise and best for me.

I cannot train my voice to join
With thine in songs of praise,
As to God's house we oft repair
Those holy Sabbath days.

And thinking of the hour of prayer,
Where Christians love to meet,
I long to know those joys that make
The Christian's life complete.

The joy of joining heart and voice
In unison with those
That gather round the mercy seat,
At Jesus' feet so close.

'Twould seem so sweet to linger there,
And for each other pray,
And talk of all those heavenly joys
That brighter make life's way.

Will Jesus love me just as well,
Bid me, a wanderer, come,
Though I can never hear them tell
Of that bright heavenly home ?

For I'm afraid to live alone,
Without my Father, God,
When such a beacon light hath shone
In the path the Saviour trod.

Dear Kittie, bear me on your heart,
While at the throne of grace,
And pray that we may meet in heaven,
And see our Father's face.

LITTLE ALLIE.

Sweet girl, sweet little Allie,
Ah me, what joy 'twould bring
To hear, but no, no never,
Until in heaven we sing.

Brimful of love those blue eyes
That look into my own,
Like some fair angel of the skies
That down to earth hath flown.

A BRILLIANT COMET.

Curious comet, what are you ?—
Pleasing to the eye ;

What your mission, I would know,
What your sphere on high?

Men of learning and renown
Search with steady gaze
As you journey nearer earth
In a brilliant maze.

Springing from some unknown depth
Of the vaulted sky,
Starry gems that cluster round
Doth your light outvie.

Wonder of the universe,
The Creator's power
Is displayed, while all his works
Praise him every hour.

As the future years increase,
Greater things unfold,
But you've vanished from the sight,
And your tale is told.

PART SECOND.

God made the canopy above,
And numbers every star,
He formed the comet in its place,
That we behold afar.

Lengthening out among the stars,
Harbinger of good or ill,
Or roaming like a fiery car,
Free as the air, at will.

A mystery for studious thought,
Remaining for awhile,
Then disappearing far beyond
Where only God can smile.

Flashing out upon the sky,
Then flashing into space,
Surely God has placed it there,
And bade it run its race.

THE BIBLE.

Oh, what a depth of wisdom
Lies in that holy book,
A key unto a kingdom,
Its mysteries to unlock.

Full of profoundest knowledge
Unstudied ancient lore,
Philosophers acknowledge,
Laid up a golden store.

O'er all this vast creation
We see God's ruling hand
Pictured by revelation
At his express command,

That speaks with holy meaning,
And sets the heart aglow
In reverence for that Being
Who formed all things below.

It leads us through the ages
Back to the scenes of old,
Through time's eventful changes
That light and truth unfold.

Till we behold with wonder
The mighty works of God,
Performed in all the grandeur
Of countless things abroad.

While in the great beginning
Our origin we behold,
Ere man had fell by sinning,
And lost the heavenly fold.

It tells man was created
And then in Eden placed,
A garden cultivated
With loveliness and grace.

Before a sin had blighted,
Or tears of sorrow fell,
It tells how God delighted
In that loved bower to dwell.

And in that blissful Eden,
Heaven's choicest gift to man,
Enclosed by the Creator
From all earth's wide domain,
Of unsurpassing beauty,
By our first parents trod,
Its temples high, and arches,
Lit by the smile of God,
Fitted for their enjoyment,
Made in God's image fair,
And graced by angels' presence,
Enchanting every where,
Until the cruel tempter,
With malice in his breast,
Envied those beauteous beings
Whom God had made so blest.
And then to mar the beauty
Of that delightful scene,
Turned them from God and duty,
Till darkness came between.
Oh, what a train of evil
His track hath left behind,
That still adown the ages
Imprisons all mankind.
So our first parents, Eden,
With its vast world of good,

That in primeval beauty
Close by God's river stood,

Was lost to them forever,
Guarded by flaming sword,
Because of disobedience
Unto their maker, Lord.

When God drove them to battle
With life, and toil and sweat,
That all along life's pathway
In sorrow lingers yet.

*TYPICAL OF THE FIRST GLAD CHRIST-
MAS.—A CROSTIC.*

Mercy, pleading at God's throne,
Encircled heaven and earth,
Round her form love's halo shone
Replete of holier birth,
Yearning for our fallen race,

Cries to God for grace, free grace,
Heaven's pure light shone o'er the scene,
Righteousness, midst earthborn sin,
Inward strove our souls to win,
Should Christ die our souls to save,
Through him victor o'er the grave,
Mercy conquered, Jesus came,
Angels sing, earth caught the flame,
Spreading the wondrous story.

SERMONS

OF T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

He draws the world to Jesus
By love's all-conquering power ;
Through Him, the great Invisible,
Is speaking every hour.

'Tis easy to step out of sin
Into the light of life ;
'Tis easy to stand up for God
Amidst a world of strife.

If men would only but obey,
And to the Saviour come,
The bugle blast would roll around
And shout the harvest home.

The wondrous power of Gospel grace
Progressing full and free,
The glorious teachings of God's love
On every hand we see,

Transforming, with its mellow light,
Each page of life is turned,
A healing balm for every wound,
Where sin and sorrow burned.

Sermons so rich, so full of good,
So wholesome to the soul,

So easy to be understood,
That mark life's highest goal.

Why eyes so blind, why ears so deaf,
To these rich teachings given?
Instruments in the hand of God
That point us up to heaven.

Such tender pathos, burning zeal,
Like ripe wheat tinged with gold,
Is meat and drink to every one
Now hungering from the fold.

The hand of Mercy beckons on
While it is called to-day;
Catch hold of the sweet manna now
That falls across thy way.

Life is uncertain at the most;
God bids us look, and live;
No sweeter sound to mortal ear
Than Christ's sweet word—Forgive.

From wind and storm, from heat and cold,
He waits to take us in
The Rock of Ages, doubly blest,
Forever saved from sin.

For here we have no resting place;
Sin-stained, and yet forgiven;

This world it but the school of Christ,
To train us up for heaven.

Heaven, Oh blest, abiding place,
Its streets all paved with gold,
The Tree of Life, sweet fields of bloom;
Oh, come to Jesus' fold.

LITTLE SUSIE.

Like an opening rosebud
In love's diadem,
Drinking in the sunshine,
Sparkling like a gem,

Is sweet little Susie,
With her eyes of blue,
With her merry laughter,
Cheeks of pinkest hue,

As she comes on tiptoe
Close beside my chair,
With her mouth wide open,
Whispering sugar.

Winsome little Susie,
Just four summers old;
No, I would not spoil her,
No, I could not scold.

'Tis a dainty morsel,
And she loves it, too ;
But I must be cautious,
Lest I overdo.

Let her love the sunshine,
Let her drink the dew
Of a happy childhood,
Ever pure and true.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Children, sing a Christmas carol,
'Tis our Master's natal day,
Gather round in happy numbers,
Leave the cares of earth away.

On this joyous Christmas morning
All God's loving mercies scan,
With it came the greatest blessing
God ever conferred on man.

When those strains of richest music,
Floating downward from the sky,
Brought a train of angels singing,
Earthward from their home on high,

Bearing news of holy meaning,
Penetrating sin's dark night

With a ray of heavenly splendor,
Springing up to life and light.

For to us was born a Saviour,
Full of wondrous love and power,
And He broke our earthly shackles ;
With Him came redemption's hour.

Heaven rejoicing, mortals waken
At our great Redeemer's birth ;
When He left his Father's glory,
For our sakes came down to earth.

Son of God—Oh ! love surpassing,
Who can fathom love like this ?
Fountain head of every blessing,
Leading upward unto bliss,

To a home of joy and gladness,
Love prepares for you and me,
Through our glorious Mediator,
When from earth and sin we're free.

Oh, those happy, happy tidings :
Peace on earth, good will toward men,
Still ring out throughout the ages ;
Let our hearts respond Amen.

Christmas, crowned with every blessing,
Joys that prompt our hearts to sing,

Speak our Heavenly Father's goodness,
Praise to heaven's Eternal King.

Of all gifts the Father prizes,
Of all things our love to prove,
Let us give our hearts to Jesus
For this gift of Jesus love.

FORGIVENESS.

Oh, life is fair and beautiful,
If we would make it so ;
And there is much of happiness
To learn the secret, too.

'Midst every earthly trial,
Let not thy courage fail,
But practice self-denial,
Thou surely wilt prevail.

Should slander aim its weapon,
And try to bring thee shame,
And enemies through malice
Kindle its deadly flame,

Virtue will hold its vigils
O'er thy defenseless head,
And speed the bitter slander
Back to from whence it sped.

Contentment hath its dwelling
In a forgiving breast,
But slander, oft revengeful,
Is of no peace possest.

Let not your heart be troubled
Amid the world's proud scorn,
The child that lives for Jesus
Is a true victor born.

Faith draws the spirit upward
To Him that reigns above,
Whose every dispensation
Is perfected in love.

Through trials and temptations
He ever leads us through,
And by his Holy Word instructs,
And tells us what to do.

And in that glorious volume,
Gift of a Father's love,
That points poor erring mortal
Safe to a home above,

We find life's sweetest lessons,
When we have learned to read,
How Jesus left his Father's throne
For such to intercede.

It tells us how the Saviour
His enemies forgave,
The dearest, sweetest token
That mortal heart can crave.

Then let us heed the lesson,
To Jesus look and live,
And find amidst life's trials
'Tis sweeter to forgive.

*"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY
MANSIONS."*—ST. JOHN 14 : 2.

I'm thinking of my Father's home,
And of those mansions bright,
Of Jesus and the white robed-throng
Within a world of light.

I'm thinking of the pearly gates
Where loved ones enter through,
And of the Saviour's pleading voice,
That welcomes me and you.

I'm thinking of the city fair,
Its streets o'erlaid with gold,
The tree of life, the crystal stream,
So beautiful to behold.

I'm thinking of the bleeding Lamb,
Who bought that priceless home,

Redeemed us by his precious blood,
Safe from the wrath to come,

That now awaits us in the sky,
If we but look and live ;
Repent, believe, a crown of life
To every one he'll give.

Oh, glorious hope, Oh, blissful thought,
To think there is a home
Forever free from sin and death,
Bright with immortal bloom.

Come unto me, I'll give you rest,
I hear the Saviour call,
Ye weary, heavy laden, come ;
The message is to all.

THE LITTLE SONGSTER.

Carol sweetly, little bird,
On yonder tree ;
Other ears your songs have heard,
But not me.

For, alas, I cannot hear
Your sweet note, so soft and clear ;
It falls not upon my ear
Glad and free.

THE LITTLE GIRLS AND THE EAGLE.

At Sylvan Beach, two little girls,
May Downing and Pearl Klock,
Went sailing on the lake one day,
Where wild waves sometimes rock.

The beauty of the scenery,
With nature's charms enwrought,
As playfully they plied each oar,
Engrossed their every thought.

When suddenly an eagle bold
Came swooping o'er their head,
Frightening the little one's away,
Filling each heart with dread.

Forgetting everything, they sprang
Into the water cold,
And waded quickly to escape
The eagle's stronger hold.

They reached the beach in safety, but
Their garments soiled and wet,
That marred the pleasures of the day,
Occasioned some regret.

Under a clump of bushes near
They hid themselves from view,
Fearing again to venture forth,
Again their sail renew.

Their little boat deserted lay,
And from a distance seen,
The father near his cottage door
Felt apprehension keen.

As he no trace of them could find,
Where could the children be ?
Or was their little boat capsized,
And hushed their mirthful glee ?

While many a troubled thought of ill
Was crossing through his mind,
Prompted by fear hastened round
The little ones to find.

They heard the music of his voice,
And, answering to his call,
Emerged from out their hiding place,
And told their story all.

THE YOUNG ASPIRANT.

A TRUE STORY.

Upon Virginia's mountains grand
Once roamed a barefoot boy
Of earnest thought and steady aim,
So full of life and joy.

He grew in rustic loveliness,
For nature made him fair,
Bright as the daisied blossoms round,
Or birds in summer air.

And this young lad of Runnymede
Went whistling at his plow
More than a score of years ago,
Close at the mountain's brow.

The sun shone on his flaxen hair;
And lit it up with gold,
He carried in his youthful breast
A gem of worth untold.

Although his home was humble then
His heart was light and free,
He loved to scale those mountains grand
In boyish pride and glee.

They called him Apple-pie Ridger
Because of courage bold,
In every hazardous attempt
He never lost his hold.

For somewhere near his boyhood's home,
'Mid scenes he loved so well,
There was an Apple-pie Ridge known,
Named by some magic spell.

The sturdy yeoman of that day
They loved this mountain child,
True to himself, he oft confessed
That he was wayward wild.

And in the picture of that boy
We see the future man,
Curbing his will to run life's race,
And every battle scan.

His was the brow of genius rare,
Endowed with golden thought,
That won the prize in after years
In richer colors wrought.

As with a touch of youthful pride
He pictured well the day
When he would rise to wealth and fame
In grand America.

Or climbing up life's rugged steep,
Sledge hammer in his hand,
He hewed away each stumbling block
To build a fortune grand.

But when at manhood's early dawn
He on life's threshold stood,
And sought in life's broad arena
The meed of future good,

Adversities came thick and fast,
And strewed his path with thorns,
He shrank not from the withering blast
That proud ambition scans.

With nerve and pluck and energy
He mastered every ill,
And with heroic strength o'ercame
Life's duties to fulfil.

And when misfortune swept away
The little all he had,
And humiliation filled his breast,
It could not make him sad.

Undaunted, with a high resolve,
He rose above the tide,
And won a name, and wealth and fame,
Safe on the other side.

Was there not something beautiful
About this noble youth,
Imbued with early principles,
A love of home and truth.

Assiduous to his parents dear,
The joy that manhood gives,
He well repaid in filial fear,
And loved their peerless lives.

A father's pride, a mother's joy,
They taught him lessons true,
That in the rugged walks of life
Would lead him victor through.

That father lies beneath the sod,
That mother later on
Passed peacefully from earth away
With blessings on her son.

But God, who calls each loved one home,
From earth, storm tempest driven,
Comforts his sorrowing children with
The future bliss of heaven.

Beneath mount Hebron's daisied slope
Those honored parents lie,
Their lives the fairest monument,
Whose virtues never die.

And Parson Fries, who taught in school
Those ringing words, Do right!
Beholds him now in after years,
And crowned with honor bright.

So there he stands in manly strength,
Of what hard work can do,
Blended with love and temperance,
And kindly nature too.

Ambition is the richest tree
On which industry grows,
And, watered by the sweat of years,
At last with wealth o'erflows.

Then would you know this little boy
Now grown to man's estate,
And wonder at the good success
That made him good and great.

Go to the great metropolis
You'll see a vast warehouse,
Its enterprising owner once
Was little Charlie Rouss.

MUSIC.

The music others love to hear
I cannot call my own,
For no loved voices greet my ear,
And no kind gentle tone,

Waken soft echoes to my heart,
That seems so long forgot,
But memories linger round me still
That time can never blot.

The inner chambers of the soul
O'erflow with songful thought,

And reaching far beyond control
Have richer music wrought.

But then, there is no outlet through
Those avenues so strong
Pent up within the heart and mind
That fain would burst in song.

Sweet memories of the long ago
Will bring the silent tear,
I was so happy then, but now
No voices greet my ear.

It seems so much like solitude,
Each passing day to feel,
No music in its gentle strains
Over my spirit steal.

LITTLE HATTIE.

With the first April flowers
Dear Hattie passed away,
To dwell within the sunlight
Of an eternal day.

A bud of rarest promise
Unfolding into bloom,
'Twas hard for them to see her die,
The light and joy of home.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

OR A LESSON TO BEGGARS.

Charity dwells in the bosom of love,
Heaven's sweet gift to the children of men,
Armed with shield of forgiveness and peace,
Reaching its hands to the helpless and lame,
Lifting the weakest of toilers, and then
Entering the homes of sick and sorrowing,
Scattering sunshine with gifts of its own.

* * * * *

But there's a limit that idlers should know,
Roaming the streets for a cent or a dime,
Over the city and country they go
Asking for aid, oft considered a crime ;
Driven by idleness to poverty's shame,
Wishing for that which would tarnish a name,
Aimless and shiftless, a beggarly show,
Yet not a gift will good fortune bestow.

* * * * *

Riches must come by the sweat of the brow,
Order and neatness and labor will win
Under the guidance of industry's hand.
Such are life's lessons that idlers should heed,
Seeking for money when sorely in need.

THE BALLOON.

Floating on its aerial voyage,
Like a speck high in the air,
Million faces upward turning
To behold the wonder there.

Who could dream of man's invention
Traveling through the realms of space?
Who could dream Miss Nellie Thurston
Should attain so high a place?

Higher than the highest mountains,
Higher than the clouds that float,
Magnanimous in its structure,
Sailing like a tiny boat.

Man unskilled is skilled by wisdom,
Wonderful to human view,
Delving in the depths of knowledge
For some trophy strange and new.

Wonderful to human vision
Of the wisdom God doth give,
Prophetic of future greatness
That the humblest can achieve.





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